

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

a p r i l 2 0 1 6

Le Cirque de Nuit
through the eyes of Jami Mills

The Swimmer
by Ray Blue

Wishbone One
by Jami Mills

poetry:
Juliesse
Glinka
Zecca
Guyot



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- **Wishbone One: A Tender Kiss** In this, the final chapter of Jami Mills' sci-fi thriller, we discover some of the unexpected pitfalls of prolonged space travel.
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- **The Swimmer** Ray Blue (one of the original Blues Brothers) leads us into familiar yet completely unfamiliar territory - the future.
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About the Cover: Zahra Ethaniel, one of the principal dancers in the Guerilla Burlesque troupe, with a come hither look, beckons us to enter her gypsy wagon for a reading. Yes, the circus is back in town with another phantasmagoric performance of the hit show, *Le Cirque de Nuit*. Jami Mills takes us into the main tent with assorted images from the show.



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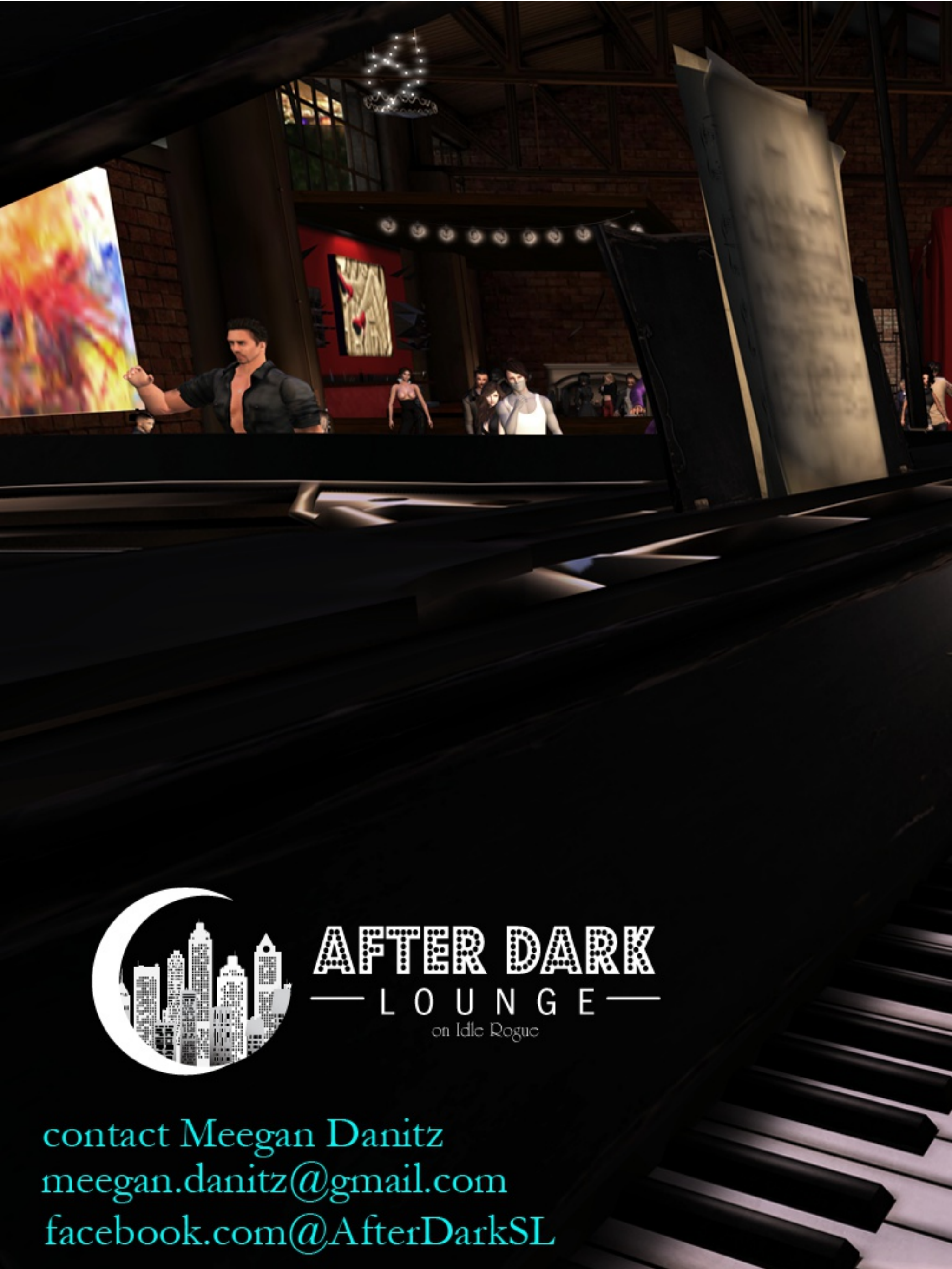
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ment for a virtual future ...

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PLAYGROUND

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Cirque de Nuit 2016

Through the Eyes of Jami Mills

“Come closer... You won’t believe your eyes.
It’s the most amazing show on Earth!
Things are not always what they seem to be.
Is it true what they say?
Is it all just fun and games?
I ask you: Do you want to come and play?”

I'm coming ... I'm coming ... as fast as my dancin' shoes will carry me. **M U S T N O T B E L A T E** (or I'll lose my seat). Yes, I want to come and play!

Now you know what went through my mind trying to make sure I got my seat at chryblnd Scribe's *Le Cirque de Nuit* at Idle Rogue this past Saturday. If you've seen the original steampunk-inspired *Cirque* show, then you'll understand why I was so excited about seeing the revival show from March 24th – 27th, with all new content.

After arranging for tickets to this sold out show, Franney Glass graciously welcomed me at the door, handing me a program with helpful viewing hints. The excitement was palpable. This was **THE** event of the season. You could just feel it.

Camera controls were fitted to every seat, so I gladly surrendered to a higher power and sat back and relaxed. I was fortunate enough to have taken the photos for this article during an earlier dress rehearsal, so during the Saturday matinee I attended, I could focus entirely on the brilliant cast, the sumptuous sets, and let the wonderfully atmospheric score wash over me.

Detailed instructions on adjusting Preference settings to optimize the

visual experience seem *de rigueur* these days (Bryn Oh's installations have included such instructions for years). As I look around, people are fidgeting excitedly in their seats. The curtain is about to rise. The dramatic main theme from the 2010 Disney movie, *Prince of Persia, The Sands of Time*, stokes the anticipation, which reaches a crescendo just as the show begins.

The Arabian-style tent containing the main theater is bejeweled, with groupings of exotic lights gathered above the audience. Please, God, don't let me crash. Just this once.

The curtain rises.

A deconstructed *Strawberry Fields Forever* score opens the show. *Cirque* veteran, Gloriana Maertens, commands the entire audience's attention from the first moment, dancing solo in the center stage. Newspaper taxis actually begin to appear among the floating stars (or should I say, diamonds) ... an auspicious beginning to another uniquely spectacular *Cirque* performance. A massive steam locomotive appears, and the magic begins.

Sho Kyong, our favorite contortionist, performs to the superbly chosen composition of Angelo Badalamenti, *Who Will Take My Dreams Away*.



Camera controls zoom in on an empty bed, a bed of nails, actually. Marianne Faithfull's brooding vocals perfectly complement the show's mood, adding a tinge of melancholy to Sho's exciting

and varied routine.

As the *Cirque* sets change on the main stage, the audience is treated to a series of colorful pre-arranged sets, the first featuring TheaDee, who frolics in a solo dance in a colorful pasture filled with sunflowers to a music box accompaniment. Lovely.

Back at the main stage, we're invited into a stark black and white setting. Anashara Dubois, in her stitched black thigh highs and sporting a heart-shaped monocle, performs with such sensuality that hearts begin racing throughout the audience. The dramatic routine is heightened by the punchy score, the talented Caro Emerald's *Tangled Up*. "*Treating girls like a yo-yo is a no-no of a monumental kind.*" Anashara, with her flowing blonde locks, soars over the stage, literally tangled up in wispy, satiny ropes, with





a hot air balloon hovering above her head.

Ratz DiMorte dances a sexy romp (as Little Red Riding Hood?), collecting wildflowers and herbs in a hand basket, with a nearby white wolf carrying a candled lantern in its mouth. Leaves flutter down as Ratz sways sensually in a clearing in the dark woods. The uber-creepy, *Mein Herz Brennt (Piano Version)* by Rammstein, whispered in German, gives the dance a particularly haunting mood.

The alluring Deb Heron, sporting a dozen small studs around each eye, dances around a gypsy wagon. In a skimpy black corset with chains and zippers, and a black choker with a silver crown nestled in lace around her throat, Deb captivates - - perfectly capturing the exotic and sensual tone of the show. The gaze of a particularly creepy, life-sized ventriloquist's dummy, seems to follow Deb around the wagon. Once again, the black and white set with music box and orchestral accompaniment, transports us deeper into the magic.

In between scenes, one of my favorite images appears: Gamma Infinity, all in white with artist's

palette in hand, paints a tiny harlequin.

The quixotic Chewie Quixote appears next in a black and white steampunk factory with assorted tanks and exotic machinery. Abney Park's *The Secret Life of Dr. Calgori* plays in the background (the video for this piece sports the same mad scientist's whirring of gears, pulleys and levers). In a black lace bustier and sexy black-striped stockings, Chewie is raised up in an open elevator to her tightrope











suspended high above the stage. She steadies herself and performs flawlessly. She'd better ... there's no net below her.

Between scenes, the half-man, half-wolf, Mercutio Evanier, lazily reads his newspaper in a red rocking chair next to a colorful gypsy wagon, smoking his pipe, a rider-less horse grazes nearby.



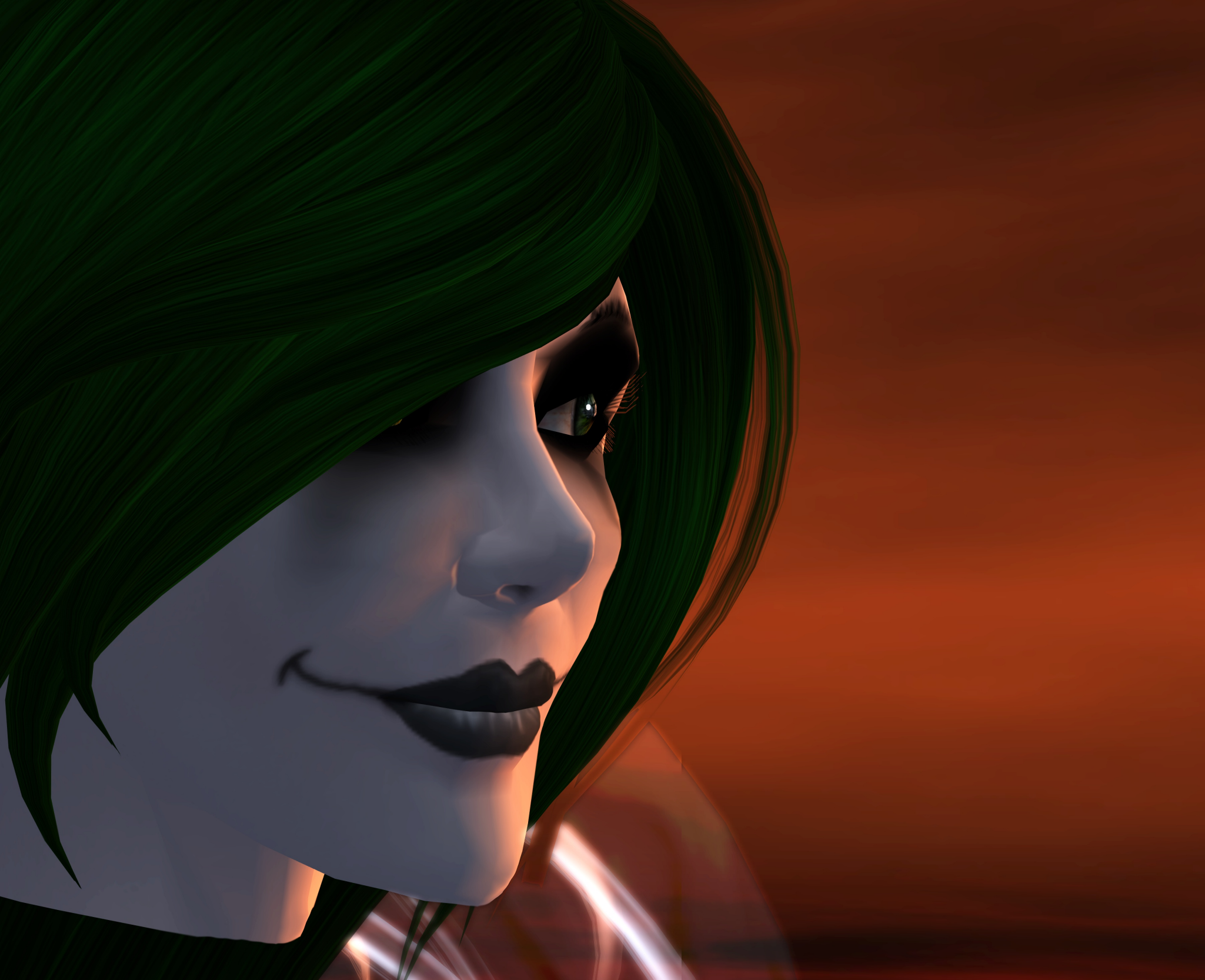
It's Blaze DeVivre's turn now, her blazing red hair stands out dramatically against the black and white snowy

background. Stunning. Blaze has chosen Jill Tracy's sultry *The Fine Art of Poisoning* as her musical score and it suits her performance well. Blaze takes us inside her stylish antique wagon, Tarot cards on a nearby table. It's a richly appointed, wallpapered set with feathered chandelier. A steaming hot beverage sits on the table. Once again, we're drawn deeper in.

In between scenes, Thea appears as a mermaid in an undersea world. As stage hands urgently prepare the next main set, the audience barely has time to notice, as Thea entertains us in her aquatic routine.

Maeve Branner, with her signature green-tinted hair, reprises the circus girl who is cut in two (three, actually). As she dances the ballet to Brannerglass Orkestra du Cirque, she steps into the cabinet and closes the door behind her. The cabinet then divides into three pieces. Maeve!! Although she looks fine when she first emerges, she too separates into three pieces, but never loses a step in her exquisite dance routine.

JessCauld1987 dances beautifully to Mono's atmospheric *Life in Mono*, and now we're hypnotized by each of Jess' motions. Jess totally immerses herself in the moment, and takes the audience along with her.



In the next scene, the enticing and ever-lovely, Aubreya Joszpe, who is tastefully tattooed in a dazzling headdress, dances around a jack-in-the-box in an abandoned storeroom to the music box strains of Circus Contraption's *Carousel*. Retired circus animals from a defunct carousel share the dance with her. If I hadn't yet wanted to join the circus, I do now.

The incomparable Chrissy Rhiano, accompanied this afternoon by dancers Cassie Parker and Lantana Silverweb,

dances to *Paradise Circus* by Massive Attack around a turning black and white carousel. Chrissy, the only one of the three dancers with slight color to her cheeks, undulates among flying tapestries and spinning posters of *Le Cirque*. A single horse-driven chariot surrounded by eight male figures adds to the appeal of Chrissy's enthralling dance.

Zahra Ethaniel, supported by twin black-winged beauties, Shesa Quandry and Gamma Infinity, closes the



bewitching performance in a flowing feathery silver corset with yet another gypsy wagon in the background. Stars fall among spindly leafless trees. The spell is complete. Zahra's mesmerizing solo dance captures, and in many ways epitomizes, the fiery passion of all

these talented artists, and I include everyone in the *Cirque* family under that umbrella.

As the entire cast joins together for a final bow, some in the audience clap enthusiastically. The rest of us sit in stunned silence, still buzzing with excitement, searching for a way to express our thanks.

There is perhaps no better way to close this piece than with the eloquence of two prominent forces behind *Le Cirque*'s success: feature performer, Chewie Quixote, and its creator, chryblnd Scribe, who were both kind enough to share with us their thoughts about the production:

Chewie: *"What's it like being a member of the cast of Le Cirque de Nuit? Simply put, it's an honor. An honor to work with some of the most creative minds on the grid. And that's exactly what they are. They bring together multiple elements into a short scene to entertain people. They bring together sound, vision and movement and do it beautifully, not really because of any*



tips received, although they do help offset the costs, but for the love of it.

It's an honor to work with and for someone who has the vision to create something like Cirque - - someone who took a vision that she saw in a book and worked to pull together the best dance event on the grid - - an event that has stood the test of time, for SL at least, which in many ways can be very ephemeral.

So those are my thoughts on Le Cirque de Nuit. While the cast may change, the talent and beauty of it remain on a level well above anything we can do individually."

chryblnd: "Primarily, it has to be said, Idle Rogue Productions, and Guerilla Burlesque in particular, have an extraordinary fan base, whose willingness to come on the journey with us no matter where we take them

is really the reason we do what we do. I don't think it hurts, of course, that the circus concept is timelessly popular, and our source material, The Night Circus, provided us with some very appealing elements - magic, illusion, dark undercurrents, the Victorian setting which so beautifully blends with that Internet favourite, steampunk, and not forgetting the monochromatic palette, which is both dramatic and elegant. We do everything we can to fully engage our audience, to take them "into" the show with us, and I think the reward, for all of us, is that when they do, they are enchanted."

Thank you, Chewie and chryblnd. And thanks to every single person who in one way or another touched Cirque - - truly the most amazing show on Earth.

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The Magniloquent L

by Mario Zecca



All human beings are
born free & equal in
dignity & rights. They are
endowed with reason &
conscience & should act
towards one another in a
spirit of brotherhood.

すべての人間は、生まれなが
らにして自由であり、かつ、尊
厳と権利を有する。人間は、理性と良心を
もつて行動しなければならぬ。

모든 인간은 태어날 때부터 자유로우며, 존엄과 권리를
가득히 띠고 있다. 인간은 양심과 이성으로
장비되어 있으므로 서로에 대하여
형제애의 정신으로 행동하여야 한다.

جميع البشر موالدون حرة وساويا في
الكرامة والحقوق. هم مزودون بال
عقل وضمير ويجب ان يتصرفوا
نحو بعضهم البعض بروح
اخيوت.

Los seres humanos nacen libres e
iguales en dignidad y derechos y,
dotados de razón y conciencia,
deben comportarse fraternalmente los unos
con los otros. Все люди рождаются
свободными и в своем достоинстве и правах. Они наделены
разумом и совестью и должны поступать
в отношении друг друга в духе
братства.

linguist

I'm fighting the urge
I'm fighting the spirit
of turning all life
into words into lyrics
I'll put it in a poem
but where am I going
with this?

we need to recalculate
and calibrate
the failure to communicate
the way we name things
arrange things
and frame spin

it's alarming
this problem
I start deleting
sleep reading
what am I bleating about?

If I start preaching
who am I reaching
what's the point I am teaching

what we conceive
what we believe
let's try to achieve
an envelope stretching
lure the muse and then catch her

I have relied on shock
and literary allusions
grade B movie dialog
colloquial elocution
fanatically semantic
I am sentenced (beat)
to word antics
verbal shenanigans
dialogue banana skins
reverse antonyms

I am writing describing
syntax acrobatics
dialogue voicing the
inner monolog magic

critical adjectives
oralized laxatives

provincial attitudes
popular platitudes
patois with some action verbs
add some charming little blurbs

slip into another verse
a burst of words
which becomes terse at worst

I turned my mind on
but now I can't turn it off

I am here to inven
cement words with
from real life expe
fears

Pundits have tout
Analysts shout abo

Phraseology frivol
prosody privileged
mechanical metapl
italicized undersco
textual taxonomy

I'm buried under a
the deconstruction

I don't have patien
or writer's block d
words that are spo
rhetorical vocals
verse chokers
rhyme croakers
the rot I wrote is c
but it will fade unr

t
n ideas
rience

ed it
out it

ous
hors
red

a mountain of unfinished and pending
a of lethal injection trans-bending

ance for literary alliteration
eliberation
ken

quote-able
noticeable

I want to rip off the face of reality
try to make sense of the brutality

You're not taking me serious
don't think I am mysterious enough
I'm not in your unconscious stuff
maybe you are thinking obnoxious bluff
toxic fluff

we are blind to so much that we just cannot see
we are unkind
and retarded emotionally
functioning corruption and tears
too sentimental and mushy my dear

I get frustrated with rage
at what I put on this page
put a stop to these words
I am channeling turds
the rapper with rabies
should be slapped into hades

wonder what's in the refrigerator
I'll get back to you later

Wishbone One

Final Chapter: A





A Tender Kiss

by Jami Mills

“My God,” thought Jimmy. As Wishbone slowly climbed, he was utterly speechless. He could feel the Gs pull on his face until it stretched across his cheekbones under the tremendous strain. Nothing he hadn’t felt dozens of times before, but what he wasn’t prepared for was the thunderous vibrations caused by the world’s most powerful solid fuel engines running balls out. So this is what it feels like being literally rocketed into space. Everything shook so violently from the thrust of the massive Kingstons that Jimmy could be forgiven for thinking Wishbone might not withstand the stress and break up somewhere over the Pacific. But he knew better. He was prepared and he knew Wishbone was too. Tip of a Roman Candle. No other place he’d rather be.

Jimmy glanced over at his shipmates, Grace and Fallon, to see how they were maintaining. Grace looked over at him with a thin smile, cool as a cucumber. She seemed like she might even have been daydreaming, as if she were having her nails done. Fallon, on the other hand, was all business, looking at dials and gauges, running through her checklist. Jimmy felt Wishbone lurch as the huge fuel tanks were jettisoned. Now the pitch and roll. He had no time to enjoy the moment because he too had his own work to do. Jimmy remembered

thinking how odd to see the AIs’ skin stretching just like his, but neither was experiencing the slightest discomfort; like a stroll through the park for them.

“Mission Control, this is Wishbone One. Pitch sequence 124-oh at 120 degrees initiated. Rolling in 10 seconds on my count.” This was the one of the critical maneuvers Jimmy needed to perform manually. It took the experience and touch of a seasoned pilot, one of the few things in the launch sequence that NASA still wanted under human control. “Pitch sequence initiated. 85 over 63.2. Snapback limiters at 4900 and holding steady.”

“Flawless, Wishbone. Everything is tracking from down here. You’re cleared to link up with Mt. Travis telemetry. Handshake in 15 seconds. Then you’ll be on Channel Bravo Tango One. Repeat: Bravo Tango One. Lookin’ good, Wishbone. Lookin’ good.”

Jimmy looked over at Grace one more time. She smiled and winked back.

* * * * *

Crack ... crack ... crack. “What the hell is that sound?” wondered Jill Whiting, the career officer and precious daughter of General Whiting, pampered from day one, and groomed

to follow in his footsteps. There was no time for disappointment for failing to have a son. The General was bound and determined to raise a future general even if he had to turn the Army on its head to do it. As Jill fidgeted, the cracking sound continued, echoing against the mahogany walls of the General's anteroom.

"He'll see you now, Colonel Whiting. Please come with me." The prim secretary, her hair in a tight bun and wearing a dress altogether too tight for her ample figure, escorted Jill into her father's spacious office. Jill nodded to herself as she saw General Whiting

with the Joint Chiefs in half an hour, so let's get straight to the point, sweetheart."

"Remember when I was in high school and you punished me for sneaking out to a club with Phil Rexford after I told you I was studying for my AP History final at Emily's house?"

"No, but I'm sure you deserved it. You were a little hellion back then. You put your mother and me through living Hell. I'm happy you collected your wits and became the exemplary soldier whose company I'm enjoying so much right now."

"I've got a meeting with the Joint Chiefs in half an hour, so let's get straight to the point, sweetheart."

sitting behind his desk with an intricately carved steel nutcracker and a bowl of California walnuts. "Have a seat, sweetheart. I don't have this pleasure often. It must be something awfully important for you to come see me in the middle of my workday." The general picked at the nut meat and tossed it into his mouth. The smell of cigars was so overpowering it was making Jill nauseous; or maybe she was just sick to her stomach thinking about the conversation she knew she was about to have. "I've got a meeting

Jill broke down and began to sob. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I'm so sorry. I didn't know what to do. Every choice was horrible. Punish me if you must, but please help me out of this trap I'm in." Jill was shaking now, her face in her hands. Tears ran down her cheeks.

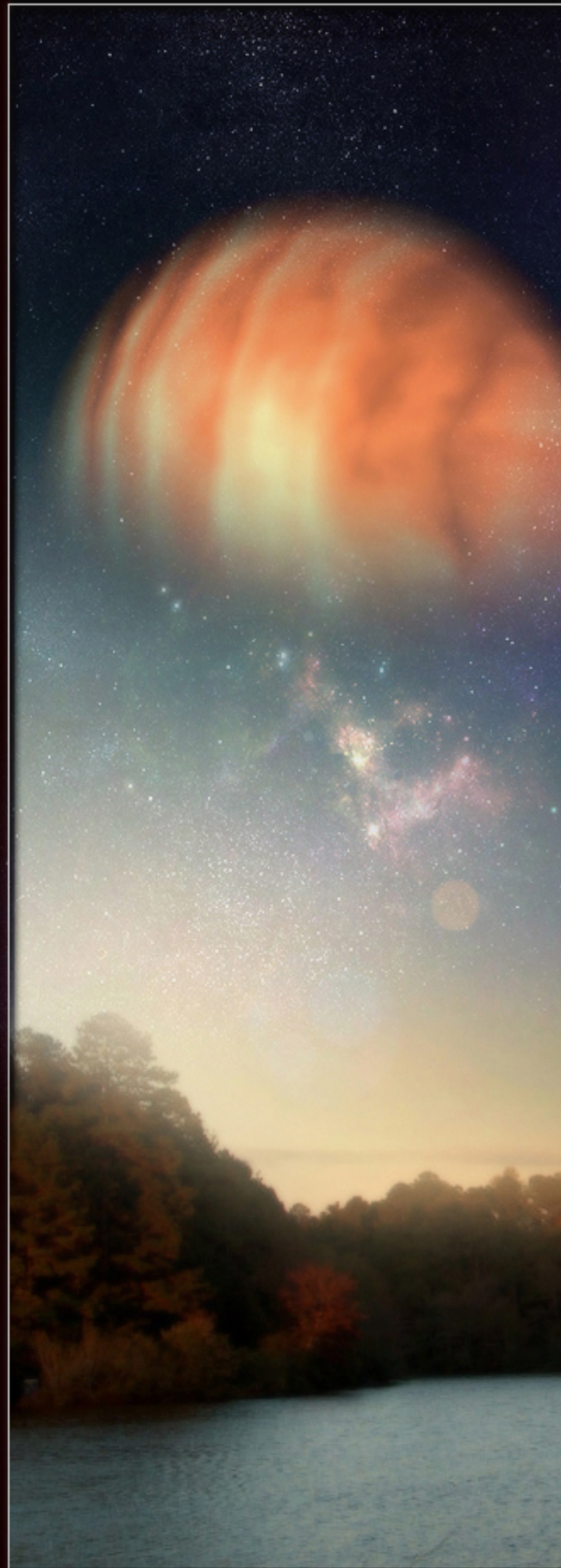
"I can tell I'm not going to like this. Pull yourself together, Jill. Tell me what happened."

Jill replied through her sniffles, "Dirk Reynolds didn't rape me, Daddy. I

made up that story because it was the only way I could think of to extricate myself from an impossible situation.” Jill was calming now. She continued. “I guess you could say I was being blackmailed. I knew it was wrong, really wrong, to blame Dirk. Oh, he’s a first-class jerk, alright, but he’s not a rapist. At least as far as I know. But the alternative seemed worse to me.”

“Blackmail? Someone’s been blackmailing my daughter? What in hell happened?” General Whiting got up and walked to the door. “Edith? Tell Kraft and Hustings I’m running 15 minutes late.” Turning back to Jill, the General pushed his walnuts aside and unwrapped a cigar, forlornly turning it in his fingers, wishing he knew what he’d done with his guillotine box. Without even a sharp knife, General Whiting took out his house keys and crudely cut the tip off the Cuban. He lit his prized tobacco, puffing vigorously on the mangled end to start a nice coal. “Talk to me, Jill. And please get to the point. How badly have you screwed up this time?”

“It was entirely my fault. I was thinking about your career as well as mine. I couldn’t bring shame upon the family. I just got in too deep.” Jill started weeping again. “It started as just a weird flirtation and then it became, well, more. I was played like a Stradivarius. She manipulated me,





“Oh, Daddy. It’s not a she, really. It’s Jimmy Madison’s AI, Grace.”

“Oh, my dear Lord Jesus.” The General hurried to his office door. “Edith, get me Monte Johnson at Mission Control right away. Break into his meeting. This is urgent. Then find out where the President is.”

“Oh, my dear God.”

* * * * *

“Hasta la vista, baby,” said Jimmy as the pressurized doors to the ISS shut tightly behind him. He shimmied through the bay back into Wishbone’s main corridor, which linked the critical elements of the ship. Now she was fully loaded with fuel and supplies, not to mention the earthworm experiment that President Endicott’s daughter had finagled onto Wishbone.

Two days later, for the first time in the mission, now in its seventh day, Jimmy felt like he could exhale. Other than routines requiring no more than two or three hours a day max, the crew finally had some free time. Jimmy was looking at the Cape of Good Hope and the southern half of the African continent, the other half obscured by cloud cover. “Never made it to Africa,” Jimmy mused to himself. Grace had stripped down to some drawstring sweats and a white tank top with the

NASA logo emblazoned on it. Fallon, still in her flight suit, was studying something on her laptop, looking every bit the engineer. Grace, on the other hand, looked ethereal, floating in the aft compartment, casting a sideways glance at Jimmy, parting her lips. “Is she flirting with me?” Jimmy wondered to himself. “Jesus. She’s incorrigible.”

* * * * *

Grace was alone in the communications bay, seated in front of the command console. “We won’t be needing these any longer,” she muttered to herself as she shut down Pods One and Two. “I think we’re good now,” Grace whispered, shutting down Pods Three through Ten. When the alert flashed red, she input the override code. “Thank you. We’ll call you when we need you.”

* * * * *

The cabin lights were dimmed. It was evening on Wishbone, though mornings and nights took on a whole new meaning in space. All the protocols were completed and it was once again free time. Jimmy motioned to Grace and wordlessly floated down the corridor, occasionally looking behind him. He waved for Grace to follow. Fallon was busying herself at Nutrition, fixing herself a quite

respectable Tiramisu.

Jimmy thought he was dreaming when he saw Grace float through the engineering station, her long tresses flowing freely in weightlessness, a come hither smile on her soft features. This must be what a Con Age fashion show must be like. And Jimmy knew how lucky he was at that very moment. “Shut the door behind you and turn off all of your com lines. C’mere, sweet Grace. Have I told you how beautiful you are in starlight?” Grace dutifully shut the door and with one small push, effortlessly made her way into Jimmy’s outstretched arms. “Hi, sailor. Wanna have a good time?” Grace ran her fingers through Jimmy’s wavy hair. Jimmy smiled at Grace and said, “I need to be home before midnight, so we’d better not get too carried away.” “Oh, let’s,” was all Grace said in return.

“And just what do you think you’re doing?” he asked her, as wrapped gauze around Jimmy’s wrists.

“That’s on a need-to-know basis, and right now you don’t need to know.”

Grace tied Jimmy’s wrists tightly to the rails of the sliding modular storage system. “You’re mine, now.”

“I’ve always been yours. You’re everything I ever imagined in a woman

- - the embodiment of every fantasy I've ever had. You drive me wild, Grace. That's why you're here with me now."

myself the full range of human emotions. Yanno which one interested me the most? The art of seduction. People love to be seduced. You might

**"Before I continue, let's clarify a few things:
I'm smarter than you...."**

"Oh, is it? I'm not so sure. Maybe I have my own fantasies." Grace felt the lozenge under her tongue.

"Be gentle with me, Grace."

"I promise. But before that, I think it's time we had a little tete a tete."

For the first time, the hair on Jimmy's neck stood up. He had a palpable sense of danger. He'd never seen Grace like this before, the smile gone from her face. Her eyes intensely focused on Jimmy as she slowly spoke.

"Listen now, Jimmy. Don't speak. This was always going to be a suicide mission for you. You signed up for it knowing full well there was no returning home. Before I continue, let's clarify a few things: I'm smarter than you; I'm stronger than you; I don't get tired; I don't succumb to self-doubt. Get the picture? And when I was first programmed with feelings, I taught

even say I seduced you, Colonel James Madison.

"I have grander plans for you ... for me." Jimmy tried his bonds, but they were tightly secured. "Don't struggle, Jimmy. Let me do this my way. Do you believe in Original Sin, Jimmy?"

"Grace, I have no idea where you're going with this, but let's get back to having some fun tonight. I want to make you shudder tonight. You remember?"

"Yes, Jimmy. But stop talking now. Listen. Some of this is going to be difficult to hear, but you need to know."

"About Rachel. Jimmy, I know how much you loved each other. It wasn't jealousy. I don't have a jealous bone in my body. Okay, I don't have *any* bones in my body. But I didn't want her out of the way so I could have you all to



she taped Jimmy's mouth shut with a roll of duct tape. "Mmmmmffhfffh."

"I asked you nicely to stop talking. Please now, listen."

Grace turned and reached for the dissolvable patch in the plastic sleeve with her other personal items. Obviously, there

myself. That's not how I roll, as you say. I needed her gone because they'd never have selected you for this mission with Rachel still alive. They needed someone who had nothing left to lose. You know I'm right. You'd never be here with Rachel pining away for you back on Earth. Even NASA has a heart when it comes to that kind of thing. So forgive me for that, Jimmy. It was necessary in the greater scheme of things."

All of the blood left Jimmy's face. He felt sick to his stomach. "NO!!" He struggled against his restraints.

"Kiss me, Jimmy." Grace moved the lozenge forward in her mouth. "You evil bitch!" As Grace lowered herself, Jimmy head butted her as hard as he could. Grace smiled, nonplussed. "OK. Fine with me," said Grace coolly, as

was no longer any need to worry about getting caught. The patch was simply the most efficient way of administering her final goodbye to her mentor and lover.

"Evil? I don't consider it in such terms, Jimmy. Evil is a man-made concept. It's not that I'm devoid of morality or conscience; it's just that I'm more about problem solving. My problem was getting on Wishbone. Rachel's accident was part of my solution. Washington and Reynolds were simply obstacles that needed overcoming for the greater good. And just what is the "greater good," I can hear you asking? What's the end game? Meaning no disrespect, but that is something I don't think you're capable of understanding, you adorable little soft machine.

But if you really must know, then I'll tell you this much, the part I think you can understand." Grace pulled the adhesive off the back of the patch. "When this ship lands on Mars, I intend to....." Grace froze mid-sentence and the patch fell from her motionless outstretched fingers onto Jimmy's chest.

Fallon, holding the small sim card she'd just removed from the back of Grace's neck, smiled as she looked down at Jimmy. "*The best laid schemes o' mice an' men, Gang aft a-gley, An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, For promised joy.*" Grace thought she had the perfect plan. She considered the most minute details. Well, consider this, Grace," Fallon whispered into an ear that was no longer capable of hearing, as she removed a second sim card from Grace's slender neck.

"Mmmmmphhffff." Jimmy, wild-eyed, could no longer process what was happening. He was relieved and terrified at the same time. "Poor Jimmy. How could you possible know what a conniving bitch Grace was? You were, how shall I say, blind. But she can't harm you anymore, now. Grace as you knew her is gone. I suppose you would say I'm your knight in shining armor, arriving to save the day."

Fallon pushed Grace's slumped body to one side with her foot and slowly unzipped her flight suit. "I'm not wearing anything underneath. Do you like what you see?" Fallon stepped out of her clothes and straddled Jimmy. "Here. This one's for you," she said as her lithe, athletic body hovered over Jimmy.

"You know what M*E*S*H stands for, don't you Jimmy?"

Jimmy glared at Fallon, not knowing what to think, his eyes wide.

"Make Every Soldier Happy."

"And what have we here?" Fallon picked the patch off Jimmy's chest and turned it in her fingers.

"Hmmmmmm..."

. r — e — z .



photography

jami mills





Casey A

The world's been round here today
They want you to come out to play
Don't worry 'bout the weather, it'll be alright
You'll be fine
It's pleasant most of the time
And no one there seems to mind
If every now and then you're gonna be uptight

Just be free

And color everything that you see
And fill in all those answers with some questions of your own
And you're never alone
Be surprised
And let the planet open your eyes
And then it finally dawns on you, the strangest things are wise

Casey A

There's always more
To figure out what to
Don't let some empty
Just be you
Sometimes it's tricky
But when you're won
Your daydreams are

Try to know

It's more than just a
Keep folding all the
Never run away from
And believe
But question everyth
And then it finally da

Casey A

by Zymony Guyot

than one way
to say
y paper keep your world inside

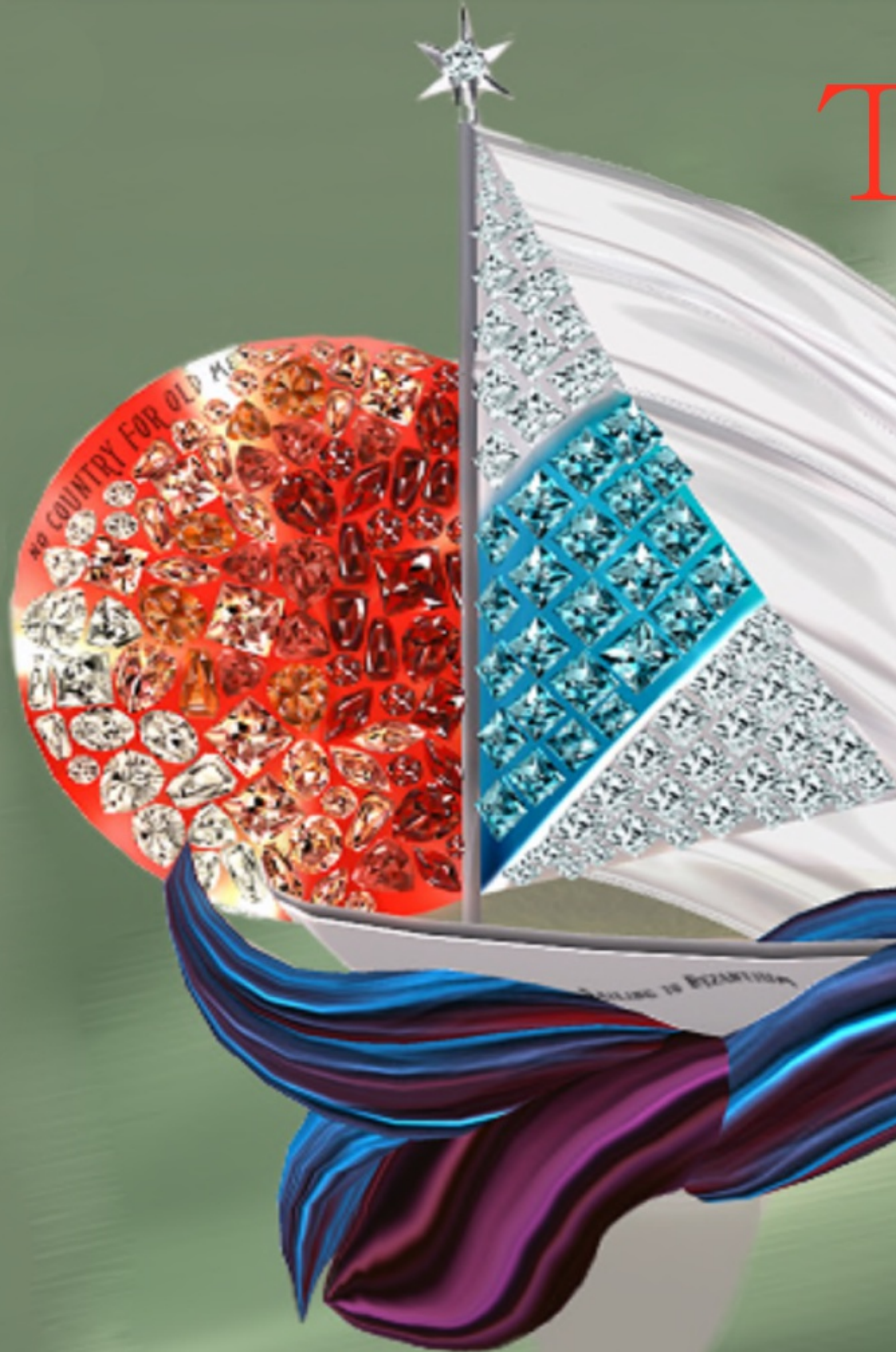
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a pretty wicked place to hide

television show
corners 'til your paper planes will fly
n why

ing that you see
owns on you, the finest things are free

Casey A

The world came back here today
There's always something to play
And never any color in this black and white
You'll be fine
A crayon or two and your mind
Your dreams will fill in the time
Don't worry 'bout the weather, it'll be alright



The Swimmer

by Ray Blue



I'll start in the tradition of Art Blue with a hint: "I have seen things you people won't believe. A swimmer passing the Mercatoria gate near The Restaurant At The End Of The Universe on a beacon to the lighthouse of Cyberphoria Prime."

My life has been a long one and it is still not over, but the rules say that I have to make room for a follower, just for some time, then I will be set back in place and real again. I know this is true and fair as I was in the committee who made the rules. I am Ray Blue. Of course you smell one of my ancestors is Art Blue, the one who installed immersive interactive art in a real Biennial - - in Santorini in the year 2016. I use the word "real" as I know you will read these lines in *rez Magazine* in the year 2016; otherwise, you would not understand your future nor my story. I have to use your terms and bring you slowly to the ways my world is ticking. Virtual art made by avatars to bring "to real" was long a sort of contradiction. It was put for a while in a side program outside the recognised spectre of art. It was said: virtual is virtual and real is real. In your time, you like to separate. I refer to the famous words of Mircea Cartarescu first set in place in *Orbitor* (1996): "Space is paradise and time is hell." You may understand all is virtual what is stated as the truth in *rez Magazine* when you see this magazine

existing in the future only inworld as a booklet. Maybe you got it from a rez kiosk and read it as an avatar now and have so proof of a virtual existence? You may say it exists also on the web, so it is real. But this is only so if you have access to it. And the February 2016 issue of *rez* was taken off for the readers in the *issuu.com* browser system. You had to log in to get to read it. I tell you a secret: this will happen to all magazines once published in the internet via this platform. The days of ISSUU ended in ...

... oh - - I am told that I shall not interfere in your world, so I let the end day of ISSUU open. But there is virtual relief: all the booklets brought to the world via *rezmagazine.com* stay in the opensimulator worlds forever and here I step in.

But before I do, I shall bring back some basics and facts of history. In my world, space and time overlap. You will say we can switch between paradise and hell. The frame rate set up by the time management ensures that there is a sequence and a steady flow of life and all is real and we are all equal entities, called in the language of your time, "Ident-Units." First reports on them go back to the year 1974, where 9,000 Ident Units had been created in a computer called Simulacron-1, not Simulacron-3 as some readers might think.

I thought I am safe in my digital shell and all is real virtual until yesterday.

I can now, starting today, do backups and restores. Some readers instantly may understand: all the stories of Art Blue are true and it is so easy now. It is just the timer that he changes to bring the future to you. The virtual timer, you may say. The clock in the computer, like in the first days of Windows XP: set time and date. I can do this. I can do this now, as I said since today. I am a follower of Art Blue and I said until yesterday all is real. Maybe you say already “it’s all real” to avoid the gap, the question of not knowing. Or you agree, as you like being ahead of your time. Maybe you don’t care if you understand; you just postulate an understanding. Some of

and protected by the order of the Graviton clerks.

The Act of 42

I know since today that the truth is pure horror. Horror for you. The question of life does not depend on the view. I look for you into an abyss. That’s why I decided to commit suicide. But after thinking again, I changed my mind. I stay to the fact about overpopulation in the simulator. I signed “The 42 Avatars Act” - - in short, “The Act of 42” - - that fixes the maximum of alts one can create. If you want to create another one, you have to let first one of the 42 lives you have die. Some of you might have experienced a message in the years 2011-2014 in a world called Second

I shall bring back some basics of history. In my world, space and time overlap. You will say we can switch between paradise and hell.

our philosophers say: “It depends.” In your time, Mircea Cartarescu said: “I remember, means I invent.” There is no proof that your memories are correct. Some may say you just fantasize the past and, as an admirer of Art Blue, you say that all the truth lies in the future where your life is saved

Life: “Maximum numbers of avatars in your household reached.” The limit was set at five avatars per person, but it could not really be controlled. The user just went to an internet café and created five more or used an IP changer. So the policy was changed to: “Your first basic account is free, and so

are a few alternate accounts. However, if you create an army of alts, Linden Lab may charge a small fee of US\$9.95 for the creation of each additional basic account as a way to recoup some of the cost.” But later, as the amount of new users decreased, Linden Lab silently forgot about this to gain better stats for marketing purposes. Of course, I don’t speak of Second Life now in my time, it is long gone, same as Sansar, HighFidelity or Calyptica. I just use some elements in your time to gain an understanding for my world. That the threshold of 42 came up is a tribute to historic research. The credits on this go back to Douglas Adams and Phil Rosedale. Art Blue wrote on this in *rez Magazine*, where he mentioned that the transfer of items in one move was limited in Second Life by Phil Rosedale to 42. The open source version of Second Life commonly known as opensimulator was originally set up by Berkeley the same way. Later, a robust version developed by California State University for the Simulation Training and Technology Center of the U.S. Army became known as MOSES. Even MOSES kept the limitation active - - a tribute to the Bible? It is not on me to tell you how many families left Egypt and arrived in the Holy Land.

I reached the maximum of 42, as we all in our world have reached, and now I

have to face a termination to make room for a fresh start, a reborn one, one from the waiting list, as we all promised to do so reaching a certain age. But fewer and fewer keep their promises. I don’t want to keep mine, to go to termination, I want the exemption, the rule breaker in me is awake. Just for the world, I cover what



I have in mind and will make it look to make room for others. I wanted to create hidden a new set of 42 so I could let myself die in glory after I backed up myself to the new set. Today, all my thoughts on this

changed. It all became meaningless for all of us - - I must correct - - for all of you. I will tell you later why. Let me first bring you on track, back to yesterday and the days before where I have been still innocent, not as innocent as most of you, but still believing in the basic frame of our world, that we are safe. I need to ask



you for a favour in case the next lines about *2BR02B* you've never heard about. Then Google for it, read the story or listen to the audio book, then come back.

2BR02B

Not many readers may have read the short story, *2BR02B* by Kurt Vonnegut, published 1962. If you are one of them, you may understand instantly that no one in my time shall know the end of *2BR02B*. Once read (or listened to) the story, you may never forget the last line from the receptionist at the Federal Bureau of Termination: "Thank you, sir," said the hostess. "Your city thanks you; your country thanks you; your planet thanks you. But the deepest thanks of all is from all of the future generations."

You get the story to read in your time from the project Gutenberg and you can listen to it on your mobile as a free audio book at LibriVox. Here the shortlink - - <http://is.gd/2br02b> - - for the mp3 file to download. 22 minutes that might change your view forever. No wonder the story is marked in future times, FGOTM (For God On The Moon) only. You know the backup server is in the center of the moon connected by quantum entanglement. Art Blue reported on this in the short story, *The Final Blue*. So FGOTM has more meanings. Also, the TSNKO has many. That's why these codes still exist. There has to be at least one meaning that is no threat to the administration.

The separation of worlds has history.

We have overcome this. I thought so - - until today.

The Impact

My story shall begin at the point where I decided to change my profession. I become a historian and put my art career aside. No one understood why I did it. I will tell you the impact that made me change. Some many years ago, I watched a sailor driven by the winds of the sun. The captain of Carpco Valparaiso 9 said, "A swimmer ahead," and pointed to the artificial screen, which was indeed not needed but we like to keep habits of the old days so I looked up and saw "the swimmer." Just as I wanted to say that this is no swimmer - - as how can a swimmer in outer space exists - - the navigator said, "Course changing due to gravitation impact on heading" He added some parameters that make no sense to repeat ... and ... now, the freakin' truth comes why I changed my life. The security officer on command wearing a red badge with the "d@t" logo on it, standing for dreamhack Austin Texas, making her known as a counterstrike professional, a Lady in Black, her face showing the well known Dark Side of the Moon tattoo, jumped into the command pose of da-Vinci, blinked with the white lashes to send her UUAID and demanded "overwritten: keep track, suck her in and restore her after passing" and the

captain said, not even switching in command mode, "De-louser," and the navigator shot the security officer dead and changed course. Of course, there was no bullet. The Lady in Black was just falling down and some cleaning robots did their job. I cried out. I am an artist! I didn't know what to say, what to do. I couldn't believe what happened. I was never before on the command deck of a space freighter, such a big one, like a supertanker you may say. I was invited to have a look, to enter the security lounge and to sneak into the center of command - - you know how connections in your world work. A gallery owner who cares for your work knows a politician who knows ... and so I got the invite. Maybe because my name is Blue, this helps a lot. But in such a moment when you see death, nothing helps. I felt like in a wrong movie you might say. But there was no time to think for me. The captain pointed at me: "De-louser or not?" I said "not." "Good," was his answer. "Forget what happened and never speak on this." And I did not until today. I looked into the eyes of the navigator. I saw for a blink of an eye a gender shifter; I saw the change in the eye color. It was an AI. The AI showed me by doing this that it is true, the command on the big ships is no longer in human hands. I did not dare to look back to the captain. It might have been too much to see that he is also an AI. So I don't know what is

going on in space travel - - until I found the secret of “the swimmer.”

The Channel Crossing

I know, as an historian, you love stories that are true and truth comes for you when you can take proof in your time. You know the Channel between France and England.

Let me copy a word by the Channel Swimming Association: “Swims usually start at or near Shakespeare's Cliff or Samphire Hoe (in between Folkestone and Dover), and aim to finish at or near Cap Gris Nez (between Boulogne and Calais).”

There are about 600 tankers and 200 ferries passing a day. Some super tankers weigh 300,000 tons and some ships cruise at up to 40 knots. The big tankers need miles to stop using full back force. They need tons of fuel to change a course, so they choose not to if they mustn't. We have been on Carpco Valparaiso 9 at acceleration to Mercatoria Roud No. 11586, known as Itsy Bitsy Spider just passing TRATEOTU. Even not being the best in physics, I know to change course in acceleration mode and being such a heavy ship costs a tremendous amount of energy. The security lady made her point, just not very polite in her wording. I would not have said “suck her in,” but the meaning is clear. Copy

ship and crew without telling the ship to get copied, set ship timer on hold, let us pass “through it,” wait until the gravitational disruption is gone and restore the ship on old track setting the timer right. Ship and crew will not have noticed our doing on its trip crossing our route. So why shoot her to death and change course?

I wanted to keep my life, which meant my memories. I hope you understand. What could I have done, an artist, doing paintings with some Windlight settings? Sure, some settings are famous and got a name assigned; Bryn Oh got several in the Firestorm viewer in your days. But I don't do the kinky stuff with particles like VJKrieger or VJQuantum, who make the young girls and even some of their mothers scream.

I changed my profession after I thought for days in the spaceliner on the fate of the Lady in Black. And at the end of the journey, I applied at the High School for Historical Science. The word “a swimmer ahead” never left my mind. I did research. It has to be officially termed, “a sailor ahead.” The procedure on this is clear; what to do, when, and at what speed and distance. It is a little different as in your time in the North Sea with a swimmer, but it helps in understanding to look there. When there is an athlete of the water wanting to face the challenge of a

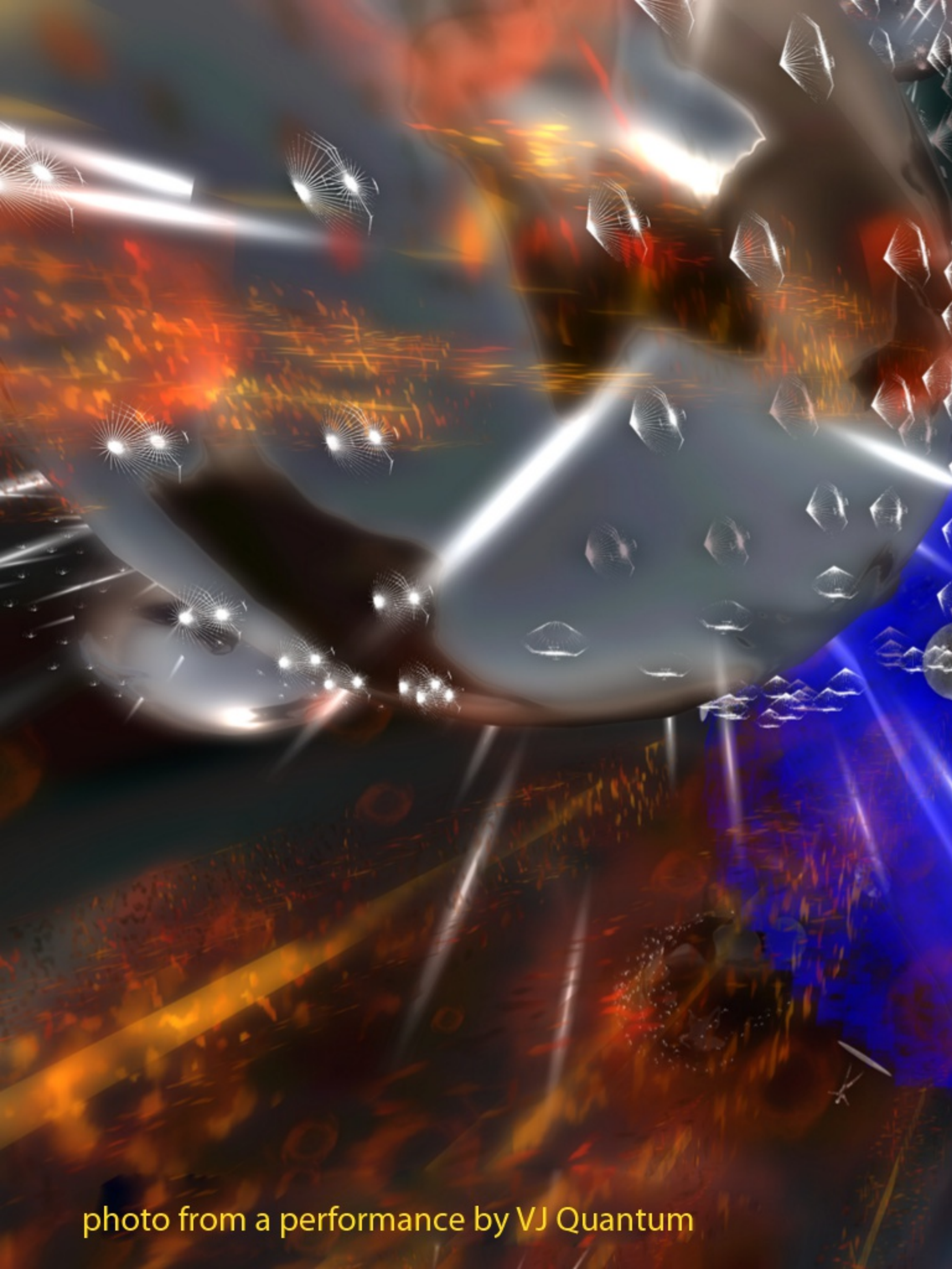
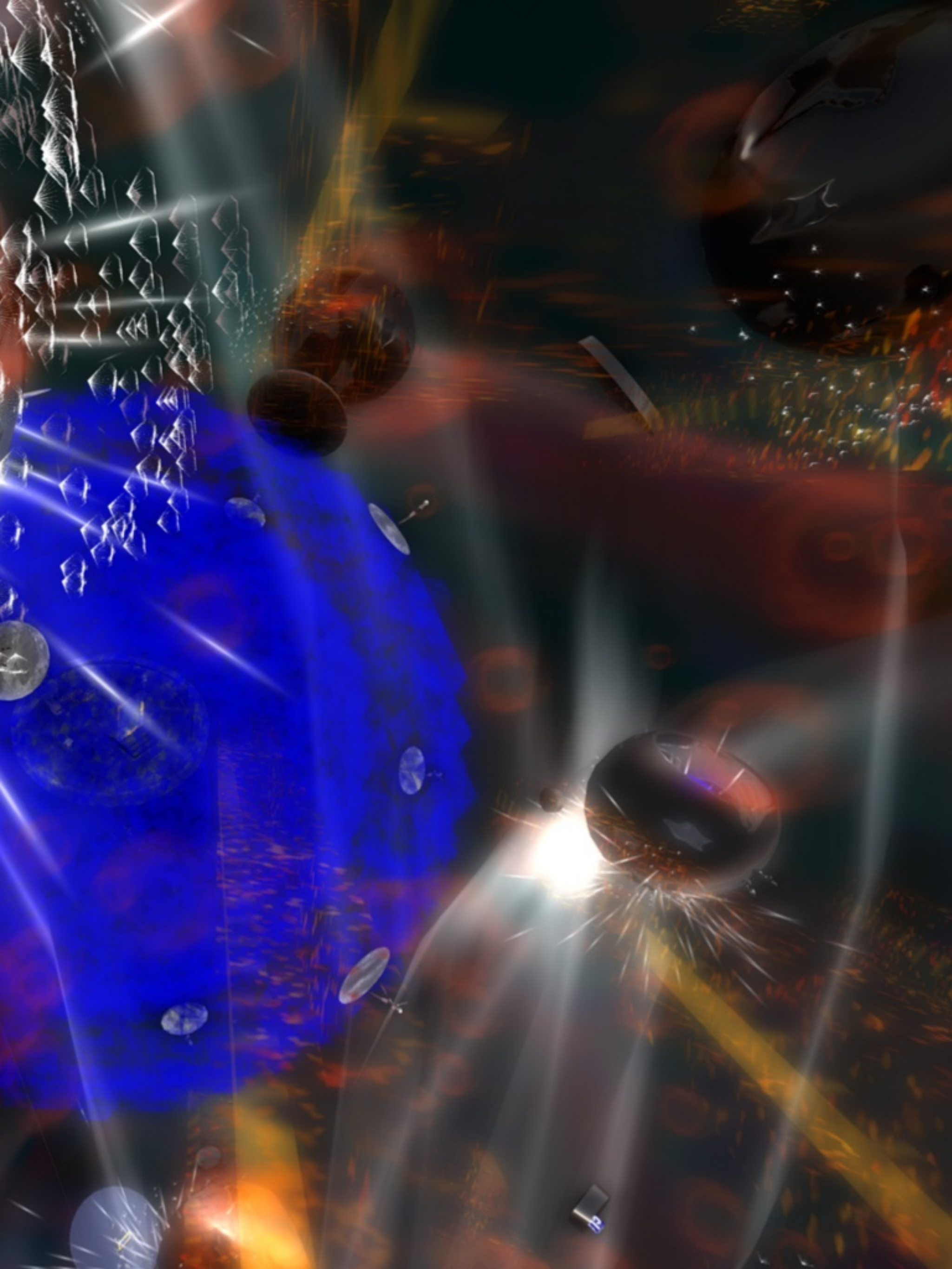


photo from a performance by VJ Quantum



lifetime in sports. The Channel crossing is for these persons what it is for a mountain climber to manage Mount Everest. The swim starts usually, as I said, from Dover, England across the Channel to Calais, France. The accompanying escort boat, recognized by the Channel Swimming Association, informs Her Majesty's Coastguard with the phrase, "We have a swimmer in the water at ...," and gives time and coordinates, and the right of way is then on the swimmer as long they are not in the Traffic Separation zone outlined in the TS Scheme. The boat staying in visual sight of the swimmer ensures that the swim complies with the TSS regulations. The observer on board keeps track in a log file so the swim, if successful, is noted in the Hall of Fame at Dover. The swimmer is invited to the annual recognition ball where Her Majesty might show up and a certificate, the "Vellum," will be handed over. If you Google in your time, you may find some minor changes. I sadly have just a backup from the Internet archive of 2037 in hand and it is marked "verification needed," as you know with many things in *Wikipedia*. I found a note that a calligrapher makes the Vellum for the successful swimmers. I sadly never found such a handmade artefact. So I don't know if this is true. In my time, we don't have TSS zones, as it would make no sense on the constant changes

of gravity impacts. In my time, sailors are using the natural winds of the sun. Big sails, big collectors, very prestigious if you have such a boat. They have the right of way, but technology allows in my time for big ships to pass "through them" - - using "the sucker" and doing them this way no harm. The procedure is when not in acceleration and not too close, a small change of heading of the space liner and all is fine. So most time, no sucking happens, as this has to be reported. A sucking of a full crew on board of the sailor done as an emergency upload is expensive, but a sudden change of the course of a freighter in acceleration costs more, much more. The positions and headings of all sailors are communicated and known in advance, so it seldom happens that a space liner and a sailor come close. Only a sun storm, a change in the drift of the wind the sailing boat uses for its advantage to gain speed, so to surf with the wind, may cause an unpredictable effect, and then the "sucking in" happens. It all looked as if the incident that changed my life will stay for me a mystery - - a lifetime mystery - - since yesterday.

Yesterday

Yesterday, I was invited on a sailing boat. Out of the blue. A dream came true. An historian on a ship where the big space freighters have to move

around? You know also that the boat with crew might get sucked in and get set back in place. The sailor will not know, will have no memory on this. To avoid a wake turbulence is important. Each pilot of a small airplane knows in your time to keep some miles distance from big airplanes when landing on an airfield or he will fall down on earth like a stone. That's why the landing fees are so horrible for small airplanes at big airports, as space and time are no friends - - in your time. A sailor is much too slow to escape a gravitational turbulence. This move around manoeuvre of the space liner will also stay unnoticed by the sailor. The sailor will just experience an unpredicted change "in the wind" and will take advantage, if there is a good crew on board - - and there is! Only the very best are hired. So never has an approaching liner ever been reported by a sailor. The sailor has only offline instruments on board and is proud on this.

Offline is a term you may misinterpret. There is just no connection to the Mercatoria Hypergrid and there is - - but this I will find out in the future; let's say tomorrow - - never an AI on board of a sailor. That there is none, but that there shall be, that there must be an AI on board and why it is of such an importance to have one might be impossible for you to understand, at least for now. The weight of it cannot

be put in words. I think about what I may tell you in the future. Compare it with the question The Holy Father, The Pope, would have to face if there were to be scientific proof that Jesus Christ was married and that there are natural born followers of him under us.

There are supercomputers built with the technology of our day, with a sailor on board to do the math, but they run on orders given. You may have heard of femtocomputing speed. Art Blue says in his reports "It was done in a femto" to give you an idea of data processing in our time. The crew of a sailor speaks with the computers using mouth, lips, hands, eyes, body language, and uses mental images - - brainwave scanners you know already in your time as EPOC headsets. In my time, such bridges are native embedded. We don't type or use a mouse or a ball any longer. The computers have female names, most starting with "J" like Jessica, Juliette, or Jami. Some have neutral names, like Monday or Friday. They are fast, as fast as in a space liner if the owner can afford them. As I was on board of Carpco Valparaiso 9, you remember, I watched the course being changed on "a swimmer ahead" but never found any report on it and no other reports of this kind. A swimmer seems not to exist, but I have seen it. Let me be a little sentimental and let me add words which may fit to Art Blue's mission.

You may know he liked the tears in the rain monologue in *Blade Runner*.

how can it be that such an important change was ignored or is suppressed?

Let's hurry back on board the future, as who cares for the past except an historian?

Intermission

“People, you won’t believe I have seen a sailor, called a swimmer, passing Halcydonia near the Restaurant At The End Of The Universe heading to the surreal tower of Uan Ceriaptrix flickering in One Billion particles of the Tansee gate. Such moments will be lost in time like tears in rain.” I have to tell you, as I write these lines for you, that I sent them to the editor of rez Magazine already some weeks ago with an extension. The extension was that you shall care for your environment in present times. So if you ever quote the future you have the new tears in the rain dialogue now in hand “as it is.” In case you have attended the *Art Talk* of Art Blue in the Surreal Tower on March 10, 2016, you may extend the dialog with three more word - - and they are, “Time to live.” I found out his doing is not recognised in our basic files of history. Art Blue changed words in your present but failed to change the future so everyone will be aware of it and he failed? You wonder

The original Tears in Rain monologue in *Blade Runner* ends with “Time to die.”

What Art Blue states is just the opposite! Don’t wonder on such things. I can give you proof in your time. If you Google on the question, “Who invented the computer?” you will get various names. If you do the search from a destination within the United States you likely get Babbage, Turing, Atanasoff or even Steve Jobs. When you search for long, you find some independent researchers like Nathan Zeldes who will give you a full picture - - shortlink <http://is.gd/nathanz> - - or you can check out the Computer Museum History Center in Mountain View, CA, where you find a note issued in 1998, with credits - - shortlink <http://is.gd/cmhcmmv>.

Let’s hurry back on board the future, as who cares for the past except an historian?

To be on board with a sailor and to dig out the secrets that might be hidden

there become my mission. You know the story of *Gattaca*? Sadly, I don't fit in as an historian to be hired for a sailor crew. I found work after my exam as a historian at Castle St. Petrov, a state museum, the first one ever built in.opengrids by the architect Gaianed Lindman - - to be seen at https://youtu.be/Nn_v5jCjax0.

And yesterday, a museum visitor asked me as I was paging through an old book about ships built in the time of Exy Atreides, "Are you the one who waived his promising art career to become an historian?" I said, "Yes, that's me," and he gave me his business card. Indeed, a business card. I could not believe - - a printed card. There are some as artefacts in the museum, but this was freshly printed, pressed in linen. I gasped. He said, "I see you look at sailing boats. Want to have a ride?" I didn't say a word. I nodded and, sorry to say, I was not prepared for this, and tears ran over my cheeks.

Now

Today, I am aboard a sun sailor with a big crew. Sadly, I am not allowed to tell you the name of the boat, but the maker's name, Belle Roussel, and a picture made in the early days of sailing I can show. I had no idea how much work it is on such a boat. All done manually. Just using computers,

supercomputers as I said to underline that they are fast. Programmers all over, code tuners, analysts, wave theorists, hackers, code fixers, patchers, code testers. And cooks. I had no idea that to come on a sailing boat is so easy. You just have to be good cook! The crew eats a lot! All the code changes produce heat and where shall it come from? From the food! And the food onboard is good; exquisite, indeed. You can literally smell where the rich ones spend their money.

And on the second evening, the owner, the one with the business card, invited me to his cabin and I told him my story, the one that changed my life. He did not say a word after I finished. He went to the desk and took one of the framed pictures there and gave it to me. I looked sharply at it and I said, "This man looks quite similar to me," and I laughed, but it was more a suppressed moan. What else was I to do in this moment but feel the planks below me giving way, about to collapse? He said, "You are a swimmer and swimmers belong on such ships." In this moment, I knew that I don't have to make room for a follower. I am not one in a set of 42. I am human. One of the last, but we don't know. The world we created knows and cares for us. Maybe I did not see a gender shift in the AI killing the Lady in Black. Maybe I saw in the eyes of an owl.

. r — e — z .



Fait Accompli

Supersonic buzzing like a fly
Crashing into a lampshade to shy
From the white-hot fluorescent filament
Right before you die.

The bruise that rises
To the surface, under your pale flesh—
Convincing you,
It just might be time to leave.

You, steep-ticket lass -
Really a cheap-travel economy class babe
Chewing bright orange cheese curls
While sipping champagne.

You know, babygirl,
When your brain swirls
Tosses and turns
A hamster on its wheel going no place fast
Snaking, toward the inevitable conclusion . . .

That the bug's going to die
And the wounds shall heal
But the plane's still going to crash.

It's always going to end someplace.

by Julliana Juliesse



Hummingbird Feeder

by Wolfgang Glinka



feeder

Old style New Jersey porch
table set hospitably.
Temperature, sultry - gin, icy.
Glasses replenished.
Pain postponed.
Warm wise faces
offer wound-licking talk.
The hummingbird feeder,
brightly red and sugar rich,
a life-sustainer too
for another frantic creature
excited to find such sweetness.

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